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TO BE
OR
NOT TO BE

THE EGYPTIAN

THE QUALITY OF
MERCY IS
NOT STRAINED

Read by Four Thousand Students, Faculty and Friends of the School

Volume V

Carbondale, Illinois, February 24, 1925

Number 21

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

A Peep Behind The Scenes

Strange things sometimes happen back of the stage of which the audience know nothing. Volumes and volumes could be written about the sudden and marvelous contraptions that are madly created, to meet the demands for a hasty entrance. If there is one indispensable person in the theatre, it is the property man. Some one once said that a property man would make a wonderful husband, for he always knows exactly where everything is. When the heroine breaks the villain's clutch and seizes the pearl-handled revolver in the desk-drawer, the pearl-handled revolver must always be in the drawer. The property man is held responsible. It's he who is to start the thunder rolling at the right moment, make the baby squeal, see that the telephone rings, and the mortgage is in the hero's coat pocket. Otherwise the part does not work—the actors are lost—and the show goes gefooey!

The actors themselves are quite resourceful at times—especially when the curtain is to rise in two minutes. Only last fall at the homecoming play when one fair co-ed who was in the Chinamen's chorus misplaced her Chinaman's cue, she did not lose her nerve for ever an instant. "Necessity is the mother of invention" should be the slogan for behind the scenes. This calm and resourceful Miss sat down and took off her stocking; braided the leg of it; slipped the top part over her head, and did the act in her "birthday" stockings—and the audience was none the wiser.

Many times we get actors who can do all the acting for their role, except in one particular. For instance, your hero may be a perfect Adonis as to looks and a regular Walter Hampden as to acting, but he cannot play a saxophone.

A few of the readers of this paper will recall what had to be done in "Clarence." The play called for a saxophone player. Our Clarence had never even held such an instrument

The Spirit of the Theatre

It's Creed and Law

I am the Drama, the grand, divine, eternal Drama. Life itself am I. With the aid of my mimetic art, Humanity sees itself reflected on the stage in all its many changing moods—grave and gay.

I am the Drama. With the pitiless precision of the skillful surgeon, I probe the souls of men, portraying each according to his measure. Remorselessly holding the mirror up to Nature. I deride Society's follies, castigate its vices, extoll its virtues. I trade in every human emotion. I create the laugh and the tear.

I am the Drama. All the machinations of unscrupulous ambition, implacable hatred, brutality, cruelty, avarice, vengeance—every wrong man can do his fellow—all these I show. The youth's tender wooing, the wife's troubled happiness, the adventuress' wiles, the poignancy of grief, the greed for gold, the craving for power—these are my themes. The blasts of sexual passion and unbridled lust, the seduction and betrayal of innocence, the amorous intrigues of the adulteress and the philanderer, the curses of the gambler and the drunkard, the whisperings of the criminal and insane, the workings of the agonized conscience—all this do I depict side by side with the white flame of pure love, the sanctity of the home, the chastity of woman, the glory of motherhood, the virility of the statesman, the courage of the soldier, the lofty ideals of true manhood.

I am the Drama. In me are assembled all arts—Poetry, Literature, Oratory, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Dancing. I am the spirit of Comedy, the glamour of Romance, the veiled figure of Tragedy. I am grim Realism itself. I visualize the historic past. I make live again the great of other days—Caesar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, Grant. In Shakespeare's mighty line I reveal Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe.

In stately procession they pass—the majestic Lear, the gentle Rosalind, the crafty Shylock, the sinister Gloster, the ardent Romeo, the melancholy Dane, the ambitious Macbeth, the sportive Touchstone, the mischievous Puck.

I am the Drama, the grand, divine, eternal drama—the greatest of all teachers. All the world's my stage, all mankind my puppets. My message is human experience. The wise will profit by it. I am the Drama.

ARTHUR HORNBLow

C'DALE LOSES TO McKENDREE

Ritchey and Sattgast Star For S. I. N. U.

In a rough, hard game the Maroons failed to hold the Methodists to time Friday when they allowed them to pile up a 15-point lead.

To start the game right, Ritchey laid up a four-point lead, but by the middle of the first half we had capped them and the score stood even. However, Carbondale held the lead until late in this half when McKendree slipped up score a half dozen counts, leaving the first half score 16 to 10.

The score made the last half was 27 to 18 in favor of McKendree. Newcom and McGill continually found the hole and the rest of their team did the expected part.

Probably due to the fact that Pyatt was sick last week, he failed to play up to his usual form. Newcom, McKendree's star forward, showed great speed in getting under the goal where he made most of his eight baskets.

Hickey played his part well during the last ten minutes, adding five points to the results.

The Methodists wielded a wicked advance in this game, much better than they did at home. Ritchey played the game for us here, while Pyatt slumped which was vice versa to the first onslaught with the Preachers.

Sattgast seems to be the only man that sticks to number one form game in a game out. The forwards seemed to slump slightly from their usual style of offense.

McKendree

| | FG | F | P |
|---------|----|---|---|
| Newcom | 8 | 2 | 3 |
| McGill | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Berst | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| Isom | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Carter | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Sullins | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Brown | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Bunyan | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Carbondale

| | FG | F | P |
|--------|----|---|---|
| Munger | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Hickey | 2 | 4 | 2 |

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued On Page Eight)

A FIRST APPEARANCE

My first appearance on the stage before a big audience was in the "Show Shop" in the S. I. N. U. auditorium in June, 1922.

I didn't enter until the second act and I thought that time would never come. The first act seemed three hours long. I wondered if they had really gone ahead and left me out of the play, but my time to enter finally came. Oh! I thought I'd be all right if I could only get started right. I had to walk to the middle of the stage near a desk before I said a word. It was a good thing, too, for I couldn't have walked and talked at the same time. It was but a few feet to the middle of the stage, but it seemed a mile. A thousand things ran through my mind. What if I should stumble and fall? What if my big Windsor tie should come untied? What if I should forget my first line? etc. And my feet. They aren't small, but they seemed larger than what they really are.

I was supposed to represent an author. Authors usually wear white oxfords in summer so my feet were made more conspicuous. I knew a thousand eyes would be looking at those number nines. Since I had to walk half way across the stage from the right side and stop by the side of the desk it was the proper thing for me to stop near the desk with my right foot slightly forward. When I had got half way to my destination, I suddenly realized, by mental measurement, that my wrong foot was go-

ing to be in front, so I had to take shorter steps. This, with all the other things on my mind, was almost too much for me. Somehow or someway, the number nines were halted in the proper place by the side of the desk. Now it was my time to speak. A moment before it would have been impossible for me to say anything, for I couldn't talk and walk at the same time. After I had stopped I opened my mouth and machine-like I said something. At the time, I didn't know what I was saying, but it happened to be the proper thing. When I heard my own voice, I realized that I was still myself and then my fears and worries vanished. During the remainder of the play, I really enjoyed myself.

DILLA HALL.

SOME THINGS THAT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

When Frank Watson turned the floor lamp over. (Boomerang).

When Sue Ellen said, "It's a beautiful moon, Mr. Jerry." (Peg O' My Heart).

What a good looking woman John Watson made. (Charley's Aunt).

When the rope to the old green curtain broke in "What Happened to Jones."

When we had to revise certain lines of the play the last day in order to leave out the butler, because the butler's suit didn't fit. Something was wrong somehow with Slat's arms or the suit's sleeves. (Show Shop).

Patronize Egyptian Advertisers.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

(That the audience seldom hear)

"You poor darling!"—Opal Douglas Welton as "Mrs. Curtis" in The Trysting Place.

"For God's sake go, but go quietly."—Buzzy Myers as "Rosenbaum" in The Show Shop.

"And my name is Jones."—Lester Orr as "Jones" in What Happened to Jones.

"Steel".—B. Hunsaker as "Bob" in Nothing But the Truth.

"And the cut, Doctor—see—it's just about healed up. I tell you it's wonderful, Doctor—wonderful—just wonderful!"—Glen Ayre as "Stone" in The Boomerang.

"By Jove, that's so, Dick! We can stick to our ruts and at the same time we can roll among your buttercups!"

—Dilla Hall as "Findley" in Three Wise Fools.

"Yes, ma'am!"—Gladys Free as "Angelina" in All the World Loves a Lover.

"Oh, Clarence!"—Maude Bratten as "Cora" in Clarence.

"Oh, Judy, couldn't you have guessed that I was Daddy Long Legs?"—Dilla Hall as "Jervis" in Daddy Long Legs.

S. I. N. U. STUDENTS
WELL PLEASED—MR.
VICK NOW AT McKENDREE

Claude E. Vick, '17, former editor of the Egyptian, was recently made professor of History and Education in McKendree college. We congratulate Mr. Vick upon his appointment. He recently completed his work at the University of Illinois.

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EDWIN MARKHAM, POET OF THE NEW ERA

Principal Speaker, S. I. T. A. Mar. 27
Ever since he wrote his famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe," which stirred the masses throughout the world, and is regarded by many as "the battle cry of the next thousand years," Edwin Markham has been universally acclaimed as America's greatest poet.

When this remarkable poem first brought the poet international fame, somewhat over twenty years ago, it not only appeared in newspapers and magazines in every English-speaking land, but was translated into all languages, and was made the subject of thousands of editorials, sermons, essays, critiques and cartoons. Since then Edwin Markham's genius as a poet has attracted increasing attention, and has received many glowing tributes from the American and foreign press as well as from some of the greatest contemporary writers.

A native of Oregon and a graduate of two Western colleges, this veteran poet has the comrade spirit of Walt Whitman. He wrote verse even in his boyhood days, and in early life worked at farming, blacksmithing, ranching, and school teaching. Pre-eminent a man of the people, he is today a foremost exponent of all that is highest and noblest in the domain of literature.

In keeping with the spirit of his verse, Mr. Markham has been conspicuously identified with some of the most notable movements for the relief of the downtrodden and oppressed, including the suppression of the child labor evil. No writer of the present day has a more comprehensive understanding of the many intricate social problems which are affecting the lives of men and women as the result of new conditions and rapid evolution.

Not only is Mr. Markham a brilliant writer, but he is also well known as a lecturer. Unlike many geniuses, he does not speak above the heads of his audiences, but whether he discusses poetry or great social questions, he is always clear, always interesting, and makes a direct appeal.

During the lecture tour that he has arranged to make this season he will assuredly give ample proof that his popularity as a speaker is as well deserved as his fame as a poet.

Carbondale Loses (Continued from page 1)

| | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|
| Hartley | 3 | 1 | 3 |
| Sattgast | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Pyatt | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Ritchey | 4 | 2 | 2 |

MAROONS TROT OFF FROM EWING—SECOND TEAM CHIEF ACTORS

A very uninteresting exhibition of poor basketball was displayed here Wednesday night when the Normal squad hung the crepe on the Ewing quintet. Although the game was very unscientific, being filled with fumbles, fouls and fizzle out passes and shots, both teams showed good spirit and sportsmanship. Ewing fought hard and did her part to make the battle interesting.



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Home-made Candy Made in Your
Home Town

Carbondale Free Throws F.G. Att'mpt Made

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|
| Hartley | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Munger | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Ritchey | 3 | | |
| Sattgast | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Pyatt | | | |
| Hickey | 2 | 4 | 2 |
| Wiley | 5 | 3 | 1 |
| Ray | | | |
| Austin | | | |
| Zimmerman | 1 | | |

| | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|
| Ewing | | | |
| Free Throws | | | |
| F.G. Att'mpt Made | | | |
| Wieranch | 1 | | 3 |
| Combs | 3 | 2 | |

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|
| Hale | | | 4 |
| Schwenman | 1 | | 2 |
| Hayes | 2 | 6 | |
| Jones | | | 1 |

1. He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a Freshman—shun him.
2. He who knows not and knows he knows not—he is a Sophomore—pity him.
3. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is a Junior—tolerate him.
4. He who knows and knows he knows—he is a Senior—follow him.
—Exchange.

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EDITORIAL



"THE PASSING OF THE OLD GREEN CURTAIN"

There was a time when the old green curtain sang—

"Students may come and students may go,

But I go on forever."

But thank fortune and everybody else who is responsible for the new one the old green curtain is gone forever. In its place hangs the beautiful new grey velour curtain—a real one—worthy to embellish a stage such as ours.

The credit for the making of the new curtain goes to Miss Woody and her sewing class with the able assistance of Mrs. Hunter. One hundred thirty yards went into it; and hours and hours of work—and eons and eons of work will go on behind it in the future.

There was a half formed plan in the minds of a few concerning a fitting dedication for the new curtain; but the idea was abandoned, when they realized that to have a Dedication that was altogether fitting and proper there must be present many of those who had signed, shuddered, shivered, shook and suffered under the old regime—those who have had to "hold positions" for ages until the ropes and pulleys took a notion to release the old green curtain.

Some budding Watson, Lay, Hall, "Buzzy" or Parr should have given the dedicatory speech in honor of those who struggled before the footlights, and who brought honor to S. I. N. U.'s stage. The speech should have ended with "The world will little note what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

The old green curtain has done service for twelve or thirteen years. "It was a beautiful thing," Mr. Shryock said, when we asked him some details about its history. "When we first hung it in the old Normal Hall (third floor of the Main Building) it was the prettiest softest shade of green—and how proud we were of it. It was hung straight across on a supporting rod; the stage was so small we could never have an effective entrance—of course it was all right for farces, but when we attempted those big plays—Shakespeare—it was impossible to show off any good acting."

One of the early plays given with the green curtain was "The Doctor in Spite of Himself". This was Mr. Shryock's translation of Moliere's masterpiece, and he coached and directed all the dramatics at that time.

When the auditorium was built the old curtain was pressed into service. It was pieced at the bottom so it would reach to the floor. Those in charge thought it might last out the year, but they had their "doots" about it. If it had stayed up till April it would have served its seventh year in the auditorium.

It deserves a croix de guerre, for it has been in the midst of many a battle, and hasn't murmured. It has seen sad partings and happy meetings, clinches and fist fights. It has witnessed the dignified and romantic Shakespearean scenes, as well as modern melodramatic sob stuff. The old green curtain has had an interesting career—a curtain with a past—and it will go down in the dramatic annals of S. I. N. U. The old order changeth, yielding place to the new.

DRAMATICS

Did you ever stop to think just what dramatics mean to the school? Think what a dull dry place a school, that gave no attention to this valuable phase of school life, would be. It would be like taking the sweet meat out of a walnut and leaving only the hull. Nearly every person with a normal mind has a desire to act. To be a Hamlet or a Portia for a few minutes and live in the land of his dreams is the hope of nearly everyone. College plays sometimes kindle a spark of ambition in people which grows into a shining light of success. Work in dramatic clubs often bring out qualities and talents in people which were entirely unknown.

Any person that comes in contact with dramatics in his school life has his appreciation for the more idealistic things of life increased. Not only does a person get knowledge from his association with this line of work but he is given an inspiration to learn more. When once our interest is aroused in anything, more knowledge of the subject is sought. Anything, that will waken an interest in the student to learn of the things that go to make a more cultured life, is well worth while. A knowledge of dramatics makes theater going much more pleasurable to people by giving them an understanding which they would not otherwise have. This knowledge makes both school life and later life much more enjoyable for the individual.

Dramatics also serve to make a person a more worth while citizen. He is worth more to his community by being able to take an active part in church work, clubs, social affairs, and many other things in which a good citizen should aid, "Actions sometimes speak louder than words." Plays sometimes bring before the public some great truth in a clear and definite manner which is very impressive. It is the duty of every person to be a good citizen. If you want to be one, why not start now?

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STRUT AND FRET TO PRESENT "THE FLORIST SHOP"

Strut and Fret's last play of the season has been selected and the cast will be announced next week. "The Florist Shop" is one of the Harvard Dramatic club plays out of "The 47 Workshop" group.

Lovers of art and literature have for some years watched with interest and growing delight the successful efforts of Professor George Pierce Baker, late of Harvard, but now on the Yale faculty. His "The 47 Workshop" has been famous for many years, where plays have been written and presented with great artistic merit and adapted for professional as well as amateur performance.

The plays written in the classes of Mr. Baker are vividly interesting and finely written. They are gripping tragedies, satiric comedies, realistic slices of life—chosen because of their dramatic excellence, their breadth of appeal, and their adaptability to the stage.

"The Florist Shop" is one of the best of the little one-act comedies. The author is Winifred Hawkrig, a student in Mr. Baker's dramatic class when he was at Harvard.

Rehearsals will start immediately and the play will be presented within the next two or three weeks at Chapel.

A JOKE ON DALY

When a gun is to be used on the stage the property-man always stands in the wings with an extra pistol, ready to fire, in case the actor's gun misses. All kinds of contraptions have been devised to get the "elemental simulations," as they are called, such as rain, lightning, thunder, waves, crackling flames and the sound of automobile and aeroplane motors. George Weidhaas, who was property man for Augustin Daly in the balmy days, often tells the story of the time Daly tried to make an improvement on nature in the matter of a thunder storm.

Rehearsals were under way for a play called The Great Ruby at the old Daly's theatre. The action of the piece called for a thunder storm, and to get the effect, Weidhaas had constructed a series of runways, starting at the top of the rear stage and slanting down to within about six feet of the floor. On the floor, beneath the bottom runway, was a large square of sheet iron. To start the thunder storm, the stage hands would carry a dozen lead cannon balls, about six inches in diameter, up to the top runway and start them rolling down the incline. They rumbled down the chute and dropped from the bottom runway with a crash onto the square of sheet iron.

All afternoon Daly had kept the stage hands rolling the balls—now by twos and threes, now one at a time—trying to get what he considered a perfect simulation of thunder. In the meantime a real thunder storm had come up and the first rumbles were faintly audible, above the noise in the theatre. Daly was growing ex-

asperated with the continual failure to secure a correct effect. The stage hands had clambered back into the loft with their bag of cannon balls and Daly had returned to his post at the rear of the auditorium. Weidhaas was waiting to give the signal that would start the balls rolling, when there sounded a loud rumble and roar, followed by a resounding crash. Daly came striding down the aisle, waving his arms in the air.

"That's the worst yet!" he shouted. "For Heaven's sake, let's get this right!"

Weidhaas stuck his head cautiously out of the wings.

"That wasn't us, Mr. Daly," he called. "That was the thunder storm outside."

Daly never forgot that thunder storm and often used to tell the joke on himself.

FAMOUS LINES FROM PAST PLAYS GIVEN IN S. I. N. U.

How Many Do You Recognize?

Bogey 5 Min.

(Answers will appear in next week's Egyptian).

"And the next buttercup I find I'm going to roll among it."

"Ah, partner! Ready for the battle?"

"Insubordination!"

"I s'pose Cora makes you perty mad."

"Where did you get that ten thousand dollars?"

"Oh, excuse me, I was just thinking how 'Bettina Dear' in red and yellow lights would look."

"Ebenezer, let me see your tongue."

"And by God! I want ruts, and the next time anybody tries to put a stop to my ruts I'll give him a kick right in the middle of his sympathetic system!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Who-ever-you-are! But my name is Cornstock."

"I—I thought—that is, I've noticed this was about the only place in the hotel where there aren't usually a lot of people."

"I never had any uncles nor aunts nor fathers nor mothers nor brothers nor sisters nor grandmothers—nothing! They were all swallowed up by an earthquake before I was born."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Mr. Stem is a mere mule?"

"Now it's my time to have my hand held."

"So, you're off your feed, eh? and can't sleep?"

"Now it's my turn. The other day you told me that last year you made \$40,000, is that the truth?"

"I was under that couch just long enough to get mighty tired of hearing people callin' each other 'darling!'"

"Al naver say you come in, Al naver say you go out, al naver say you no how."

"I'm cured. A small cast and one set of scenery: that's going to be my idea of art."

"I feel just like someone had pushed me off the Singer building."

"There wouldn't have been a cock-eyed thing left of Grandmother after one of Miss Bowyer's housecleanings."

"13 scrap—unlucky for dirt."

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ZETETIC SOCIETY IN- STALLS NEW OFFICERS

The Zetetic Society has been blessed with competent officers all during this school year. There is a large amount of hard work to do at the beginning of the fall term when all the new students register, and new members are sought for the societies. Carl Smith ably steered this organization through the fall term. Following Mr. Smith came Lucille Coulter. We need not stop to mention Miss Coulter's merits, for all who are acquainted with her know that she would give her best whether leading or following.

The winter term found Marion Taylor president. Mr. Taylor has been successful in his work with the society and the members thank the retiring president for his efforts.

And now, we greet another leader, Kate Sturm. We feel confident that Miss Sturm will faithfully execute the duties of the office assigned to her.

The new president took the gavel Friday, Feb. 13th, and made a short address, asking the co-operation of the society through these next six weeks.

The other officers installed were: Martha Lence — Recording secretary.

Mrs. Roberta Walker — Corresponding secretary.

Frank Armentrout — Usher.

Mildred Bone — Chorister.

Clyde Winkler — Editor.

Howard Shappard — Critic.

Philip Allen — Librarian.

Emma Brickley — Chaplain.

THE WORST ACTOR HE EVER SAW

Some idea of Robert Mantell's ability as an actor at the outset of his career can be gathered from a story he is fond of telling.

Years afterward when he had won his spurs in "Fedora", Mantell and a number of brother actors were sitting one night around a table in the old Morton House, New York. In the circle was the veteran George Clark, a leading member of Augustin Daly's company. The conversation turned on the ludicrous in acting.

"George," somebody asked Clark, "Who was the worst actor you ever saw?"

The veteran pondered. "I've seen so many bad ones," he said, "that I really can't answer off hand. Oh, yes," suddenly brightening, "I know now. I was playing once in a little town in England. There was a callow young galoot, a member of the local stock company, who was cast as Father Doolan. That young man was the worst actor I ever saw."

"The drink's on me, Mr. Clark," spoke up Mantell. "I was that Father Doolan."

Louis Ed Williams dreamed that he was dead and had ascended to the gates of Heaven, but St. Peter sternly refused his entrance saying: "Mr. Williams, no actors are admitted here."

As he stood shivering in the cold, Louis Ed reasoned with St. Peter saying that his friend, Frank Watson, had been allowed to enter Paradise—he had seen it in the Fairfield papers—and he was an actor, but St. Peter shook his head. "No," he said, "Watson thought he was an actor, but he wasn't."

Henry Clay Barnabee told of a funny incident that occurred when he was playing in Mascot, an operetta very popular in Boston.

"It was in the role of Lorenzo," he said, "that I had one of those embarrassing little accidents from which a comedian is always expected to extricate himself with some brilliant flash of wit. In making a quick entrance, an important part of my costume caught on the scenery and was—that is to say, they were torn from their moorings. They were in imminent peril of dropping off, and the audience were on!"

"I made a quick, firm clutch with one hand, gesticulated with the other, and to Rocco's cue, "Your Highness, I have an idea," answered: "Give it to the costumer!" Then I added: "Rocco, I have an idea also."

"Put a couple of buttons on it," replied Frothy.

"The audience roared. Bettina shook in a suppressed spasm of giggling, a stage hand fell off the paint bridge—and the delicate crisis was past."

We think this is swift head work and all that, but we have a story that's just as good. We ask you who could have done better than Frank Watson last spring in "The Boomerang" when he accidentally knocked over the floor lamp?"

His presence of mind saved a bad situation. As he started across the stage to make his exit he tripped on the wire, jerking the floor lamp so that it tottered over and finally fell across the stage. A long "oh!" went up from the audience—several children screamed. The calmest person in the auditorium was Frank. He slowly and deliberately turned around, set the lamp upright, and said in a rather vexed tone, as if it were part of his lines, "I don't see why that darned servant can't fix up things around here!" and the audience gave him an applause that was greater than any they had given that evening.

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STAGE EFFECTS AND

HOW TO GET THEM

How often have you gone to a play in which the rain storm was so realistic that your subconscious mind was worrying about an umbrella? All these effects are produced at enormous expenses and preparation. But they are essential in carrying the atmosphere across the footlights.

If your play is modern you will need an off-stage effect fan. Sound for automobile is as follows:

Auto leaving—Ford—any threshing machine lying around the house will do, or stage hands pound an empty boiler with sledge hammers. Pierce Arrow—Turn on an electric fan off stage.

Snow is difficult to represent at an amateur production and do it properly because of great expense involved. This may be overcome by the use of cornflakes which have been painted white. This would go along with the following lines:

John: It's getting chilly.

Mary: Well, is that snow!

Sprinkle corn flakes from top of wings—enter someone rubbing hands—he has previously taken heavy drag on cigarette, retaining smoke in mouth. As door opens he lets out smoke, which is bound to give a wonderful effect.

Mary: B-r-r-r-Shut that door, Ezekial!

One of the most realistic effects obtainable is that of a fall, which is always pleasing to an audience.

A fall—cue line as follows:

Mary: Is that father out there on those slippery steps? (now drop a large soap box full of broken glass).

Mary: Good God, father has fell!

ORDERS

Frances Crosby Hamlet

They've cut the little birches

Along our railroad track,

That dainty, clinging fringe of green—

White berch and hackmatack!

But yesterday green slender forms

Stretched forth to every train,

As though they, too, would journey far,

Yet rooted must remain.

"'Twas order, ma'am," a track man said;

"Them bushes spoiled the view."

Blind eyes! They were the view, instead,

If stupid folks but knew!

No more along our strip of track

Shy, wistful boughs stretch nigh,

No more the little birches lean

To watch the trains go by.

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ART CLUB GIVES SPANISH PARTY

Spanish Costumes Feature Evening

Much perplexity was caused last week when the members of the faculty and others received cards with some unreadable writing on them. Finally it was discovered that the writing was Spanish and told them that they were invited by the Art Appreciation club to come to Association hall at 7 o'clock on Wednesday, Feb. 13.

When the guests arrived at the designated place, they were met by Spanish Senoritas, who presented them with small booklets in which were written the names of the days of the week. After everyone had arrived it was announced that all were to go on a week's tour of Spain. The Seniors were told to get a date for each night of that week. Then for a short time the Senoritas and Seniors were rushed for dates.

On Monday night a visit was made to hear the Spanish vocalist Bastida, alias Tom Whittenberg, sing. Tuesday night was spent in watching the great dancers, Fernandino, Carmenita and Marquita, alias Dorothy Furr, Mary Kinchelo and Eleanor Brown. On Wednesday night the guests went to the theatre, where pictures of the Spanish artist, Zuolooa, were flashed on the screen. An interesting talk on the artist and his pictures was given by Concha Espina, alias Ruth Hebbard. On Thursday night a sextette of Spanish girls and the great singer Josinqua, alias Mildred Bone, entertained our guests with gypsy love songs. Friday night our crowd went to watch one of Spain's greatest toreadors, Gorga, engage in a bull fight. Saturday night was spent in drinking Spanish punch and eating cakes. After this our crowd came back to the United States with everyone talking about the wonderful journey to Spain.

THIS IS BETTER SPEECH WEEK, FEB. 22-28, 1925

The movement for Better Speech gains new adherents each year, and the annual celebration becomes more and more widespread—thanks to schools and educators who have been the means of promoting this. Better Speech Week celebrations in the schools include no more popular exercises than brief plays which bring home the desired lesson to the children through the always attractive medium of drama. Some of the plays below are to be presented in the English Department this week. To teachers who might be interested in securing these plays for Better Speech Week we recommend the following: The Charm, Bound or Free, and The Wizard of Words. These may be ordered from The Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston. The latter two are bound in one volume and cost thirty-five cents.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We have been waiting, waiting, yes waiting and some more waiting for the announcement of Who's Who in the Pirates of Penzance. Here it is hot off the wire:

"The date set is March 18th."

Boys, get your dates now, for you surely must take her to this year's opera.

Those of you who were in school last year will recall the performance of "The Mikado." We thought then that it was the best ever, but according to all reports "The Pirates" is going beyond last year's achievement. Mr. Jaquish informs us that we can expect a better entertainment this year, for he has some real talent with which to work. The boys and girls choruses are composed of splendid singers, and the principals are exceptionally talented.

This year all seats will be reserved, but the price of admission remains the same, 50 cents. For the convenience of the alumni, out-of-town people, and all others who would like to be assured of securing the very best seats, a mail order plan will be inaugurated. Send check or money order, with enclosed stamped self-addressed envelope to Music Department, S. I. N. U.

ANECDOTES OF THE HOUR BY FAMOUS MEN

John Galsworthy, the English playwright, tells of the wit of an actor named Littledale, who in one play had to leap into a river to escape a wild beast.

"The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Littledale's leap usually ended on a soft mattress in the wings, while a rock was dropped into a tub of water to create a splash. Everything went on all right at rehearsal and the night of actual performance came. When poor Littledale jumped he fell eight feet and landed on an oaken floor with a crash.

"The audience set up a titter. But the heroic Littledale was quite equal to the occasion. 'Heavens!' he shouted, 'The water's frozen!'"

Harry Lauder was being dined by friends at the Lambs' Club, New York, one evening recently, and of course reciprocated by entertaining his hosts. The popular Scotch comedian has an endless fund of stories.

"A Dundee farmer, who lived not far from my old home in bonnie Scotland," Lauder told his friends, "employed a farm-hand named Sandy.

"Here, Sandy," said he, one day, "gang roon and gie the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gie the biggest to the coo that gies the maist milk."

"Sandy departed to do his master's bidding. Upon his return, the old farmer asked him if he had done as he was told, and had divided out the cabbages according to merit.

"Aye, maister," replied the laddie. "I gied 'em a' a cabbage a head, and hung th' biggest on the pump-handle."

LET'S ALL SEE

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

In the

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MARCH 18

Presented by

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Through training and experience, our buyers know where to buy, what to buy and how to buy it.

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A Peep Behind The Scenes

(Continued from page 1)

In his hands before. A saxophone artist and an upright piano were the deus ex machina this time. Seated on the platform behind the aforesaid piano for a screen, sat an obliging member of the orchestra who played when Ralph Warren, in the role of Clarence, made his entrance holding the saxophone to his mouth in a perfect moving picture.

It's the last hectic moment before the cry "Get your positions!" that try men's souls. It was at just such a time—everybody was at his special entrance; the actors on the stage had "struck their attitudes;" everything was set when Van Brown in "Daddy Long Legs" was discovered roaming and moaning behind the scenes. Somebody rushed up to us with the terrible news that Van had lost his jug. All actors "broke their positions" in a mad search for the jug that had to be brought in that act. There was nothing behind the scenes that even looked like a jug. The orchestra had stopped playing—had climbed back into their seats—Silence! The hunt for the lost property continued.

Finally after a lifetime consisting of four minutes, Van dragged the jug out from its too secure hiding place. "Just where I put it, but I couldn't think where it was," Uncle Frank pulled the old green curtain and the show proceeded. The audience saw a calm scene, calm actors, and smooth acting—but behind the scene we were wiping cold perspiration the rest of the evening.

Of course the ones behind the scenes endure many chills, nerve racking moments, and exasperating hours, but these are all forgotten in the thrills they experience.

As coach, the biggest thrill we ever got was the time the audience gave Peg o' My Heart the big innovation upon her entrance in the middle of the first act. Never before had they cheered the first appearance of a leading lady. Miss Sue Ellen Lay, as Peg, made a most charming picture, as she appeared at the door with her Michael, the old air-dale. It was several moments before Miss Lay's first lines could be heard so long was the applause.

ANNUAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE— MANY ATTEND FROM S. I. N. U.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Illinois State Academy of Science was held in Springfield February 20 and 21, 1925.

The S. I. N. U. faculty was well represented at this meeting. Mr. Colyer was chairman of the Geography and Geology section. Miss Steagall gave a report on "Earthworms in Their Relation to Soil Acidity" and Mr. Browne presented a paper on "Some Problems of the Teacher of Chemistry."

The meeting was of great interest. The general sections were held in the

Centennial building. The sectional meeting consisted of the biology and agriculture, chemistry and physics, geography and geology, medicine and public health, psychology and education and the high school section.

Other members of the faculty attending the meeting were: Miss Hardin, Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Boomer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING PLAYS

We take this opportunity to give the alumni a few pointers concerning plays, play producers and costume houses.

Letters come pouring in asking suitable plays for schools, societies, et cetera. We advise that you send to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, for their latest catalog (free). For your smaller plays send to Walter Baker, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston. For costumes we recommend the St. Louis Costume Co., 507 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

S. O. P. H.

The S. O. P. H. were delightfully entertained at tea at the home of Mrs. Clyde Smith of 511 W. Walnut last Wednesday. The time was spent in discussing old relics and the arrangement of furniture which all the girls enjoyed. Mrs. Smith is to be complimented on the artistic arrangement of her furniture. It is also interesting to hear how she obtained each relic.

The joint Y. M. and Y. W. meeting was well attended last Tuesday evening. The following program was given:

Duet.....Ada Dale, Nell Bond
Cornet Solo.....Raymond Etherton
Stereopticon lecture.....Lucile Coulter
Girls, watch for our poster on the Bulletin Board Tuesday and come.



The above is a scene in Daddy Long Legs, in which Ethel Parr, '23 and Dilla Hail, '22, took the leading roles.

The above scene features Miss Parr as "Jerusha Abbott" telling stories and drawing pictures for the children at the John Grier Orphans' Home. The orphans are Rhoda May Baker, '36, Florence Claire Patterson '40, Ruth Pierce '32, and Alice Patterson '32.

A CLASS-ROOM JINGLE

We are students as you may see
Of Hayden's Europe since 1603.
We are anxious to attain
And so we work with might and main.
We are happy everyone
When we hear the words, "well done."
But our hearts are filled with sorrow
When upon the next tomorrow.
Mr. Lentz with brow serene
Buttons his coat and begins to lean
Against his desk and says, "goodness knows"
You are reading too much English
Prose.
Now close your text and note books,
too,
And we will see what you can do
With these topics you will find

In the history as I outlined.
You may number down the line
Until you come to the number nine.
Then you may write the topic that agrees

With your number if you please.
Then he walks up and down the aisle
But where has gone that pleasant smile?

Deep in his pockets thrusts his hands
The aisle to him is "foreign lands."
And when at last he has ordered
That we pass the papers forward.
We can breathe with some relief,
For we know his anger's brief.
And after this, though each one knows

He must have his English Prose
We will each both lad and maiden
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